

# Jasper Weekly Courier.

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HAS RECEIVED HER SUMMER STOCK OF DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES, LADIES SHOES, NOTIONS, &c.

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Country produce of all kinds taken in EXCHANGE AT THE BEST MARKET PRICE, FOR GOODS. JASPER, IND. CECILIA HOCHGESANG.

## PUBLISHER'S PENCIL POINTS.

### What are to be Elected.

The following township officers are to be elected in the several townships in Dubois county next Monday week, to serve four years each, unless sooner, for good cause, excused:

One Trustee and one Assessor for each township, and one Supervisor for each road district in the county, and Justices of the Peace and Constables as follows:

Two Justices of the Peace and two Constables for Columbia township.

One Justice of the Peace and two Constables for Harrison township.

One Justice of the Peace and two Constables for Boone township.

One Justice of the Peace and two Constables for Madison township.

One Justice of the Peace and three Constables for Bainbridge township.

Two Justices of the Peace and two Constables for Marion township.

One Justice of the Peace and two Constables for Hall township.

Three Justices of the Peace and three Constables for Jefferson township.

Two Justices of the Peace and three Constables for Jackson township.

Two Justices of the Peace and three Constables for Putnam township.

Two Justices of the Peace and three Constables for Cass township.

One Justice of the Peace and two Constables for Ferdinand township.

The Argus says the surplus in the national treasury has been dispensed by "being sent forth out of the treasury to give work to laboring men, and shelter to worn-out poverty-stricken veterans."

If that was true, and our form of government is changed to a paternal government, to find work for the people, the distribution should be equal in every locality, or township, at least. There should be no step-children of the government to be slighted, or favorites to be petted. What Dubois county laboring men have been furnished with work by the Republican administration?

When an officer's widow gets a \$5,000 a year, and a private's \$12; when some veterans in public office re-rate their pensions so that they draw \$200.00 a month, like Smith, while thousands of others only get \$2 a month, it looks too much like "special privileges;" while Carnegie is enabled to make for the tariff \$1,000,000 income each year, when his laboring men, who do the hardest work, only average \$1.50 a day, there is not a fair distribution of the surplus. But the Argus proposition is not true. On the other hand, the surplus is dissipated by appropriations to wealthy favorites, running from \$2,500 to the wealthy Harrison law firm, for a 25 year old claim, reflected heretofore many times, to \$17,000,000 lumps of direct taxes, distributed to people who never even thought of asking for it, because they had no just claim to it. "God help the surplus!"

Mr. R. M. Milburn who was the recognized farmers' candidate for representative in the recent Democratic County Convention, can now truthfully say, no farmer need apply.—Argus.

Hol wake up, Col. Schroeder! Mr. R. M. Milburn is a well known lawyer in Jasper, and was not a "farmers' candidate for representative," or any other office, that he knows of. If he was, (being a lawyer) the selection of a mechanic for the position, as the Convention did, would show a proper sympathy for labor.

Farmers, mechanics and laboring men of all kinds will find their true friends in the Democratic party—the monopolists, millionaires, and leaders of trusts are with the Republicans.

The political battle to be fought in Dubois county this fall, in reality is being fought just now, if it might be called a battle. As every nomination for a county office is an election, the chosen by the convention will have nothing else to do but bide his time and be sworn in. The nominees need not budge a peg or spend a nickel unless they have a mind to do so. This does away with the old plan of giving a fair ballot to all alike, irrespective of all considerations.—Independent.

Yes, but what is more important to the disgruntled Republican editor of the Independent, is that it will keep such fellows as he from throwing their votes on the market to the highest bidder, as a kind of a "stand off," you know.

Our county democracy believe in giving the farmers resolutions, but the offices to professional men.—Argus.

The Republicans believe in giving the farmers and laboring men of all kinds promises before elections, but after elections filling the pockets of monopolists and trusts with money by a high tariff, and compelling farmers and laborers to sell their toil and sweat at half price.

The Jefferson township, Pike County Democratic convention organized as follows, and are going in to win: The committeemen: Otwell Precinct, T. L. Reeves; Algiers Precinct, Jesse W. Thomas. For Trustee, R. W. Harris; for Assessor, Lewis E. Traylor; Constables, E. A. Ball and McOrillis Gray, Jr.

The Ernst Pickhardt Sons Co. have bought the Huntington News, and took charge last week. The members of the company have the capacity and experience to make it a first class paper, and Huntington is large enough to afford it a first class support, and in a few years enable them to make it a daily. The Courier wishes it great success.

## Tooting into Wealth.

The other day I met Col. Beverly Summers, who some time ago went to Alabama for the purpose of spending the remainder of his life in peace and profound quietude. When I bade him good-by he had seemed to be so hopeful, his eyes had been so bright with the emotional ooze of anticipated happiness, that upon meeting him again I was astonished to see that his countenance had grown dull under a presumable disappointment. When I had asked the cause of his apparent defection he conducted me to a quiet corner and then, after a few moments' silence, said:

"I settled near a postoffice known as Antebush. There were but few houses near it; the neighborhood is picturesque, and my wife and I were delighted. From the top of our graceful hill we could see the sun coming up out of a beautiful valley, far away, and at evening we could see the brow of a distant mountain, encircled with a wreath of blinding glory. In an evil hour a shoving fellow, a despoiler, a man who would turn the sweet bush of dewy nature into the hard frown of enterprise, started a saw-mill not far from our house. This was annoying, but we soon became reconciled, especially as the mill was compelled to shut down for want of patronage; and we were about to congratulate ourselves, when one morning at 5 o'clock the mill began to whistle. Well, sir, at 10 o'clock that mill was still whistling. By this time I was almost wild. I sent a negro boy down to investigate the tantalizing situation. He came back about an hour later and reported that the mill was not running and had not been, but that the boilers were under a full headway of steam. The thing whistled all night, and the next morning, as the situation instead of showing signs of improvement seemed to be growing worse, I went over to expostulate to the proprietor of the mill. I found him sitting on a stump, complacently smoking. He was an easily recognized type of a Georgia "cracker," of the improved breed. His hair was long and there were pieces of bark clinging to his grizzly beard. He paid no attention to me as I approached, but appeared to be lost in the contemplation of a distant hilltop. I had never met him before, but I knew his name. "This is Mr. Squires?" said I.

"'Yep, b'leve it is,' he answered, still looking far away.

"My name, sir, is Beverly Summers. 'Yep, wouldn't be surprised.' 'I have called on you, Mr. Squires, to find out what is the matter with that mill whistle.'"

"'Nothin' the matter with it now. Didn't start off so mighty well at first—sorter wheezed a little—but I can't complain at the present outlook.'"

"But why do you keep the infernal thing blowing?"

"He removed his gaze from the distant hill-top, and looking at me said: 'Boy down at my home.'"

"'What?' I exclaimed.

"'Boy at my house—born yesterday mornin'.'"

"'But is that any reason why you should make day and night hideous?'"

"'Don't know anything about makin' nothin' hideous, but it's a reason why I should blow that whistle. I promised myself that if fortune smiled on me this time, and sent me a boy, I would raise merry how-are-you, and fortune did her work—kept her promise, as it were, and I'm goin' to keep mine. Look around, find a stump somewhere, and sit down awhile.'"

"I don't wish to sit down, sir. I have come to demand that you stop blowing that whistle.'"

"'No; I'm much obliged to you.'"

"I will have it declared a nuisance," I exclaimed.

"'Won't make no difference, for you see I've got an order from the court to blow that thing as long as I want to. So, when fortune proved that after so many years of girls and hard luck she had decided to favor me, why I hired two fellows, one for daytime and the other for night, and told them to tie the rope of that whistle and keep up the pucker all the time. Hired them for a year.'"

"You don't mean to say that you are going to keep that thing blowing for a whole year?"

"'That's what the contract says. Mister, you don't understand the situation. I've got ten gals, but not until the other mornin' was the voice of a boy ever heard in my house. Now, you may sneeze at a good many folks, but let me advise you not to sneeze at the pore fellow that has raised ten of the oneriest lookin' gals in the country. Now, that was Moll. I do reckon Moll was the fattest gal you ever seed. Waddled when she walked—waddled like a 'possum. Wall what did Moll do? Disgraced me by marryin' the silliest man in the world. That feller was so slim that he could stand in a double-barrel shotgun and reach down and take hold of his boot straps. An' that was Liza. I reckon she was the silliest gal that ever destroyed shoe leather. What did she do? Tuck her to town one day an' she fell in love with the fat boy that they had in a show and she married him shortly afterward. I reckon you ever seed in your life. One day she got nervous and anxious, an' I knowed right then an' that that she was lookin' round for some monstrosity to marry. Wall, she found him. She found a feller with a nose so red that he could hold up a newspaper for the darkest night that ever come and read it. That's about the way all of them married, and when they come to live with me they turned my home into a regular asylum for physical extremes, as old Dr. Millos' lowed, and now that nature has

## given me a boy instead of another gal, an' I want to show you my 'precious w'y you—you—"

"He bowed his head and wept—yes, I would have sworn that he wept. I could say nothing more; I actually sympathized with him, but the mill continued to whistle.

"I returned home and reported to my wife. She felt sorry for the fellow, but declared that we must leave the neighborhood. I sold out at a sacrifice, and just as we had reached the railway station, some ten miles distant from the home I had learned to love, I learned that an iron mine, worth probably \$1,000,000, had been discovered on the land that I had sold for a mere song.

"But why didn't you tell me?" I demanded.

"Well, the fellow replied, 'the saw-mill man made me swear to keep my mouth shut till after he had made a trade. He got a feller to buy 'o' place for him. Mighty smart man. Squires is. Goin' to marry my sister.'"

"You know, now, why I left," Col. Summers added. "That story about all those girls and the new boy was a lie. The scoundrel had never been married, and he built the mill in the first place to drive me away."—Opie P. Read.

Hon. Green Smith.

North Vernon Sun: It is with pleasure that we announce to the Democrats of this State that Hon. A. G. Smith will be a candidate for Attorney-General at the next Democratic State convention.

Mr. Smith needs no introduction to the people of Indiana, for his name is familiar to every household of the State, and he is known throughout the Union.

Green Smith served four years in the Indiana Senate with such brilliant results as to win the confidence and admiration of the Democratic party of the whole country.

His course in the Senate of 1885 won for him the presidency of that body, and he carried off that honor only after a bitter contest with some of the politicians of his own party, assisted by a storm of abuse from the Republican press and party for a time seemed completely to obscure his political life. But two years later he arose from the dust and smoke of partisan hate as the leader of his party in a contest where defeat would have been dishonor.

In that contest it was the policy of the Republican party to destroy a Democratic majority of two on joint ballot in the general assembly, and re-elect Ben. Harrison to the United States Senate.

It was the determination of Green Smith to preserve that majority and elect a Democrat to succeed Mr. Harrison. And well he did this work. On this line the battle was waged with unabating zeal and fought to a finish. General Harrison personally managed his own campaign, but had to surrender his sword to Green Smith.

No man was ever abused so much by the Republican party. No one ever suffered so much from malice and detraction. But neither abuse or detraction, nor the threats of personal violence or the presence of armed mobs, were sufficient to move him from the course he had adopted.

The contest of the general assembly of 1887, its grand achievements and lasting results, will never be lost sight of.

Hon. C. L. Jewett, in a public address, once said that "Green Smith, throughout the dangers of that exciting contest, was the stone wall of Democracy."

This encomium was well bestowed. Governor Hill, of New York, once said: "Yes, I carefully watched that contest, and it has often occurred to me since that, while it costs millions in some of the Western states to elect a United States Senator, in Indiana it only required the courage and stubborn Democracy of Green Smith."

Mr. Smith is a lawyer fully equipped for the place.

As a Democrat, he deserves it, if anybody does.

And this time he will "get there," and the State will go Democratic, too.

Our Next Representative.

Marion News.

Eph. Inman will representative Dubois and Martin counties in the next legislature. Mr. Inman has been raised on a farm and will favor any measure that may come up in the interest of the farming community. He is a fine speaker and a clever young gentleman, while the interests of Martin and Dubois counties will be safe in his hands. The nomination is equivalent to an election and the following resolutions were passed by the Dubois Democratic Convention held at Jasper Monday of last week: Resolved that the delegates of Dubois county to the Representative District convention for the counties of Dubois and Martin, be, and they are hereby instructed, to cast the vote of Dubois county at such convention for Mr. E. Inman, of Martin county, for Joint-Representative for said district.

Road Improvement.

Mt. Vernon Sun: Judge London says that if any one doubts the utility of going for the roads, they should go out beyond his residence and see a practical illustration of the way it works where tilling has been laid. That piece of road, he asserts, is and has been all through the winter in splendid condition. He and Mr. John Haas both speak of the road on the east slope of the hill they reside on, where it has not been tilled, as being almost impassable. Wagons are often mired there, and sometimes have to be uncoupled and dug out in sections. Tilling affords a complete remedy.

## A Letter Written to a White Ribbon Woman in Dubois County.

by a Minister's Wife, and Her Answer.

The White Ribbon woman first wrote the minister's wife asking her if she knew Rev. — said he had been drunk and that it was as hard for her to believe it, as it was for some of the Republicans to believe that Vice-President Morton had a saloon, but nevertheless both are true. The following is the minister's wife's reply. "No, we did not know the Rev. gentleman you spoke of, but have heard of him and are not much surprised. He done just like all others who want to act a fool, he went and got drunk because he wanted too; he did not have to and you know it. Now I have no sympathy for such persons—men or women, who in their right minds, deliberately walk into a saloon or drug store and spend their money for whiskey, and their families at home in a suffering condition, as in several instances we met in our rounds, but do pity their poor families, and do feel more like bucking such men than praying for them, for they do not have to go to such a place. In regard to Vice-President Morton, I will say that you may put me down on your list of 'Ignorant Republicans.' Simply because he owns the building where the hotel is kept that keeps the bar, does not make him a saloon-keeper. The difference between us on this Prohibition question is this. Your prohibition is a scheme of the Democratic party to weaken the Republican party, that they might get into power, and in that move they did succeed, and a big beer keg sat in the royal chair as President of this nation. Now a Christian Nation, and we are willing to wait, believing that God rules, and He will bring round all right in his own time—not ours." Dear sister, you say you are not "much surprised at that Rev. gentleman for getting drunk," and so forth. I must say that I was astonished to hear you say that, for I certainly think, and always have considered you a Christian, and how you could say that I can't see. I certainly do pity the drunkard and their families, for if there is any class of people in our land to be pitied, and that need our prayers, it is them. And I truly think if every Christian in our land would pray and work and vote as they should, they could be saved. You say that "Mr. Morton owning the building that the saloon is in does not make him a saloon-keeper." Oh, don't it? Suppose you build a house, fit up a part of it for a saloon and have an agent take out license, and sell all kinds of damnation and you receive the profits. Do you think that you could ask God to help you or your cause? Do you think that we should engage in any thing that we could not ask God's blessing? You say that I may put you down on my list of "Ignorant Republicans." No, I will not yet, for I hope and pray that the good Lord will yet lead you see where you stand and what you are doing. You say that the difference between us on this Prohibition question is this, "your Prohibition is a scheme of the Democratic party that they might get into power, and in this they did succeed, and a big beer keg sat in the royal chair as President of the nation. Now a Christian President rules this Christian Nation, and that you are willing to wait, believing that God rules, and that He will bring it round all right in his own time—not ours." Oh, my dear sister, do you really think that there was any more beer in the "royal chair," as you call it, than there is now, while that Christian President is in it? For my part I really do not know, but undoubtedly it did not take much whiskey to nominate and elect Cleveland as it did Harrison—Christian as he is. But do not understand me to defend Mr. Cleveland, far from it—of the "two evils I would have taken neither." I would not to-day turn my hand over between the two, "Christian as he is." The bible says "that by their fruits ye shall know them," and we have not yet seen any good fruit, not even from that "Christian President," we did not expect any from the other, therefore we were not disappointed. The fruit so far of the "Christian President," has been in favor of the whisky interest. The brewers and whisky men so far are gathering the fruit. My dear sister, I fear that you do not keep posted. What do you think of Judge Brewer, and all others too numerous to name, that have been placed in high places in this "Christian government," by a "Christian President?" The divine legislation excludes drunkenness from Heaven, and from the church on earth, and leaves no place for it in a "Christian" nation: (Deut. 29-5, 6.) "Kings were admonished not to drink wine." (Prov. 31-4, 5) Then why should Presidents see it and sell it too? Please note the number of kinds of wine that President Harrison has on his table. How do you think a "Christian" can ask the Lord's blessing on it? Has not God pronounced a woe upon those who "justify the wicked for reward?" (Isaiah 5-23.) Does that not bear pretty hard upon our "Christian President," our "Christian Nation," and our "Christian voters?" How think you, can that be dodged? And again in (1 Thess.-5, 22), are we not as individuals commanded to "abstain from all appearance of evil?" Should not this be the policy of a "Christian Nation?"

## Forbid it, Lord, have pity, And bear our earnest plea; Let every town and cit From the dread curse, be free."

Now, my dear sister, let me ask you to consider the prospects and you certainly will find no hope even from our "Christian President," and as for our "Christian Nation," oh, how dark are the prospects. When our churches toll and send missionaries to the heathen nations, does not this "Christian Nation" send over in the same vessel with our missionaries thousands of gallons of whisky, enough to send hundreds of souls to hell, for every one of the missionaries can convert? I, as one of the missionary workers have come to the conclusion that we had better strike at the root of the evil; and I would ask you as a Christian to come out and don the White Ribbon and help us, for we have enlisted for the battle for right against wrong, and we expect to fight until the last hell-hole is demolished. We know that we are right and God will bless us. We may not all live to see the victory, but it will come.—God grant how soon; so please let me hear from you soon. I see that you have some White Ribboners in your county; help them and you never will regret it. Yours, for God and home and Native land. A WHITE RIBBON WOMAN. Ireland, Ind., March, 1890.

## F. M. B. A.

The Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association of Indiana, met in this city and elected the following officers: D. A. Epperson, President; W. T. Stillwell, Vice-President; Fort Branch and John B. Sheppard, Vincennes, vice-presidents. The Board of Directors chosen is composed of Peter Mall, Spencer county; H. M. Brown, Daviess county; Mr. Colson, Sullivan county; George Heubner, Posey county, and H. C. Huber, Vanderburgh county. Mr. J. W. Cox, of Wadesville, Posey county, was elected State Business Agent and Anthony Stevenson, of Spencer county, Treasurer.—Evansville Courier.

An Infernal Machine.

One Republican: A couple of well-dressed men entered the United States express office at Carrollton, and left a small package and requested that it be put in the safe over night which of course the gentlemanly agent, S. P. Morrow, willingly did. At about two o'clock this morning the safe was blown to kingdom come and the company is now short \$800 in lucre. It is presumed that the little package was an infernal machine set to go off at the right time, and the thieves were on hand ready to make a grab and run.

Transposed into One Hug.

One evening this week, says the Worthington Times, a young lady of this city asked a young gentleman if he could transcribe the letters in "enough" so as to form two words which meant not enough. He took pencil and paper and struggled over the problem some time when suddenly his face was illuminated by a look of holy joy. The characters stood out before him in this form, "one hug." It is needless to say energetic, successive constrictions proved his ability to read a moral.

Princeton Democrat: Mark M. Pomeroy, uncle of the famous "Brick" Pomeroy, a physician and surgeon, was discharged from the Prison South last week, after serving ten years for a criminal assault on a young girl he was called in to attend at Oakland City. He will go to New York to help settle his father's estate, after which he will lecture on "Tobacco" and "Prison Life." Pomeroy has always claimed that his arrest was for the purpose of blackmail, and his conviction obtained through perjured testimony.

On the 15th inst. the New Amsterdam, Harrison county, Natural Gas Company struck gas in their well at that place at a depth of 790 feet in Devonian black shale. The flow was strong enough to force a column of water, that stood in the well 600 feet, over the top of the derrick fifteen or twenty feet. There are two flows of gas in the well, one at 623 feet and one at 790 feet. There is great excitement at Amsterdam over this strike of gas.

New Albany Ledger: The Air Line Company will soon commence the use of the elegant passenger station of the J. M. & L. between State and Pearl Streets, and will convert the present passenger station into a freight station. This would indicate that Mr. Markey does not intend to build stations for freight and passengers at New Albany. The J. M. & L. passenger station will be great improvement on the one now in use by the Air Line.

The farmers along the White river bottoms in Bartholomew, have made up their minds that the wheat that was under water is dead beyond redemption. The water softened the plants, and the next freeze killed them. The most of the farmers who own such fields are making preparations to plant them in corn. The loss will be very heavy in that county.

Mr. S. P. Ellis has been appointed postmaster at Dubois, vice W. L. Gossett resigned.